

## Dandelions, Poppies and Other Ways to Say I Love You

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## Dandelions, Poppies and Other Ways to Say I Love You

by [galaxy\\_jelly](#)

### Summary

"For a second, Dream's face is inches from his, delicately tucking the stems of the glasses behind his ears. His warm breath tickles George's face and his blonde hair falls forward and nearly brushes his nose and— oh. Oh no."

Or, Dream's excited about his best friend seeing colours for the first time while George desperately tries to keep his feelings under wraps.

### Notes

hey! welcome to my first fic on ao3 - I just had to write this after seeing "Minecraft, But I'm Not Colourblind Anymore..." because it was way too adorable to pass up the chance

this fic is sort of set in a minecraft/real world hybrid because I tried to base it on minecraft as much as possible but kinda veered off that path lmao

enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“You ready?” Dream smiles, holding the glasses delicately in his hands. He fiddles with the grey stems, taking care not to smudge the lenses. They stand – well, Dream stands, George is sitting on a tree stump in the soft grass so he doesn’t fall over in shock like Dream teases he will – in the middle of a flower forest, surrounded by yellow tulips and blue cornflowers, and maybe a dull yellow (red?) poppy or two. Brown trees with green leaves sway gently in the breeze; the leaves may be indistinguishable from the dandelion Dream insisted on putting behind his ear to “contrast my green eyes, George, it’s perfect,” but he *knows* they’re green. That’s what they’re supposed to be.

“Come on, George,” Dream says, but his words carry no bite. He’s still smiling that wide grin of his, joy radiating from his whole being in a way that was infectious. Ever since Dream showed him his face – finally taking off that dumb smiley mask that had covered his face since they first met – George had adored his smile. It was so warm, so encouraging in a sweet way that made his stomach twist with something he didn’t quite understand. George can’t *not* smile back at him.

Taking a deep breath, George scrunches his eyes closed, then opens them again. He’s about to say goodbye to the world he’s known for so long. He takes a final look around, taking in the shades of yellow and blue that he’s been told are the only things he can see. What is it even like to see a *new* colour? Something totally different that he’s never witnessed before? Dream and Sapnap have told him before that he can’t see purple – what the hell is it going to look like? His eyes drop down to his shoes as he curls his hands into fists. His chest suddenly feels heavy, as though someone had poured concrete into his lungs and stomach and it was settling, hardening; dipping him in permanent unease.

George looks back up at Dream, frowning. Dream seems to notice the tension in him, gently reaching out to cover his hand with one of his own. “It’s okay, George. I’m here.” He chances a smile at the nervous boy, and George’s lip quirks up in response. George twists his hand and intertwines his fingers in Dream’s, smiling softly. Dream looks a little startled, glancing down at their interlocked hands, colour lightly dusting his cheeks. George gazes at the freckles scattered across his face, trying to imagine what the pink that surrounds them looks like.

Spurred on by his determination to finally know what Dream *really* looks like, he nods at the boy across from him, “I’m ready.” Dream grins, holding up the glasses in the hand that isn’t grasping George’s. Dream moves his hand out of the grip, and George nearly pouts at the loss. It confuses him; why does he want to hold his friend’s hand so badly?

“I don’t wanna stab you in the eye, dude,” he explains, leaning forward. George blushes slightly, embarrassed that Dream had caught onto his disappointment. For a second, Dream’s face is inches from his, delicately tucking the stems of the glasses behind his ears. His warm breath tickles George’s face and his blonde hair falls forward and nearly brushes his nose and– *oh*.

Oh no. George's heart jumps, beating furiously as he barely stops himself from reaching out to trace lines between soft freckles and kiss his nose until he runs out of air to breathe. How had he not noticed this before? Well, that's not quite accurate.

George knows he likes Dream, he'd known for a long time. Every time their hands brush his heart skips a beat. Every time he sees him smile or smirk or sweep his golden hair out of his eyes it jumps in his chest like the traitor it is. But it's too different, too scary to think that he could like one of his best friends like that. As quickly as he leant forward, Dream moves back to stand at a more platonic distance, and the slight sadness gripping George's heart is unmistakable – he has a crush.

“There,” Dream smiles, crossing his arms and admiring the glasses nestled in George's hair, “push them down whenever you want.” George's hand trembles minutely, reaching up to grasp at the frames before pausing.

“Wait, what should I look at first?” George knows what he wants, now that he's realised – to stare at Dream's eyes and hair and freckles and never look away – but what will Dream think? Is it gay to want your best friend to be the first thing you see in proper colour for the first time in your entire life? George doesn't know.

But Dream's sweet smile melts away his worries. “You can look at me, George. I'd be honoured to be the first thing you see.” Dream lifts up a hand to rest on the Enchroma glasses, taking George's hand in his other. “How about we do it together?” George looks up at Dream through his eyelashes, searching for a platonic justification for this situation. Do best friends say these things to each other? Hold each other's hands? Is he just scrabbling for any chance that Dream might like him back, or was his voice really tinged with fondness, and his hand tender with affection? He pushes the thoughts from his mind, sick of over analysing everything and content to just enjoy this moment.

George nods, drawing a hand of his own up to meet Dream's on the opposite side of his frames. The taller boy looks into George's eyes in a way that makes him squirm under its intensity. It's strong and meaningful and has so much of *something* behind it that he can't begin to decipher what it means before it's gone. The world quietens around them, leaving nothing but the two of them together, gently holding hands as they take comfort in each other's presence. “On three.” Dream whispers, as if he spoke too loudly he'd shatter this moment between them.

“One.” Dream rubs circles into George's hand, clutching it tightly. The nerves creep back a little, but George does his best to squash them.

“Two,” George interjects, smiling.

“Three,” they say together, and slide the glasses down onto George’s nose.

It’s almost anticlimactic, George thinks. He’d almost been expecting some massive change where suddenly everything in the universe aligned and his true purpose was clear and he’d finally understand the secrets of life itself. He has to blink a few times to focus, squinting to look at Dream’s eyes and hair and the stupidly pretty dandelion tucked behind his ear.

Slowly, like clouds drifting slowly away after a storm and letting the sun beam down upon the earth, he notices differences. How Dream’s eyes are darker than normal, his hair finally seeming different to the forest green of his irises. How the lingering blush on his cheeks lights up his face in a way that could melt ice, that made him want to reach out a hand to trace it up and over the bridge of his nose. He supposes this is what pink is; much different from the light blue he’d been told he saw before. It’s so much more vibrant and alive, and so, so *warm*.

“Stunned speechless by my beauty?” Dream’s cocky voice snaps George out of his reverie, a smug edge to his otherwise bright smile. George didn’t know how to respond to that without lying. Dream was right – he may really have fallen over in shock if he wasn’t sitting firmly on the tree stump, his hand clutching Dream’s. He scans his surroundings, the flowers suddenly seeming distinct, the grass slightly darker. It’s a small shift, he thinks. Maybe his eyes are adjusting?

“Okay, but actually though, what does it look like?” Dream pauses briefly, but doesn’t receive a response. “Try doing this,” he uses his free hand to push the glasses away from George’s eyes, and *wow* he did not realise just how *much* they affected his vision. Someone took a paintbrush to the sky and the trees and the grass, mixing all the colours together until they were dull and desaturated; blue and yellow radiant against their murky surroundings.

George quickly reaches his hand up to tug them back down, the warmth flooding back to the world. “I... *woah*.”

Dream chuckles, “you really are speechless, huh? I don’t blame you.” He grabs the dandelion, and holds it right up next to his eye. “What’s it look like, Georgie? Way different?”

“Wow... yeah, I – it does.” The brunette finishes hesitantly, in awe of how the fragile petals *are* noticeably different. Even the stem of the dandelion itself no longer muddled with the rest of it; for the first time ever he could *see* it. Dream’s grinning at him now, white teeth on full display as his eyes sparkle with overt joy. George breaks into a small smile, finally indulging himself and reaching up to brush his free hand against Dream’s cheek, willing Dream to believe that his touch was purely platonic. He guesses he gets a pass for the whole ‘seeing the world entirely differently for the first time’ situation.

To his surprise, Dream eyes seem to gleam even brighter and suddenly they're spilling over with liquid, tears trailing down his cheeks and wetting George's fingers. "Dream... are you – "

"Sorry, sorry, I just..." Dream looks almost guilty as he untangles his hand from George's to swipe at his eyes with both hands. "I..." He smiles a tad wryly, gripping George's shoulders with both of his hands to steady himself. "I'm so – so happy for you," his breath hitches, throat thick with moisture as his hands shake slightly.

George stands up from his perch on the tree stump and throws his arms around Dream, hugging him tightly. "It's okay," George whispers quietly, wrapping his arms further around Dream's waist and burying his face in his chest. He smells of woodsmoke, a lingering reminder of the campfire he'd set up at their base in the forest. It makes George want to hold him as hard as he possibly can and never let go, happy to linger in Dream's arms, which had wrapped around his shoulders in return.

"Thank you, Dream." The blonde boy draws back slightly, confusion written across his face. George can't help but revel in his flushed features. How can someone look so pretty *while* crying? Dream is unfairly attractive. He clears his throat, trying to calm his racing heart. "It makes me... really happy." Tears prick at his eyes, and he shoves his face back into Dream's chest. "That you care so much." He mumbles the last part, both hoping that Dream heard what he said but also that his hoodie muffled the sound too much to tell.

Dream doesn't reply, but the way he wraps his arms around George again, pulling him tightly into his arms, is confirmation enough. George smiles softly into the green fabric, nestling calmly into Dream's chest and squishing the glasses into his face. They breathe together for a while, recovering from the emotional moment.

Eventually they both move away, George somewhat flustered and confused by what had just occurred. That's... platonic, right? Yeah, of course. But George can't stop thinking about the lingering of Dream's hands around his waist, the gentle smiles he keeps giving him and Dream's annoyingly beautiful face lit up in pure happiness for *him*. George both loves and hates how the mere thought of Dream's adorable freckles and wide grin make his heart beat faster and his palms sweaty.

Trying to get a grip on his rationality, George reasons that any good best friend would be happy that their friend could see colours for the first time. Yeah. As much as he wants to protest otherwise, there's no way Dream likes him in the way he likes Dream.

"George!" Dream's voice shakes George out of his thoughts, dispelling the haze of imagination that clung to his brain. He turns to the source of the taller boy's voice, surprised to find he'd run off while he was lost in his own head. George had pushed his glasses off his face, not wanting to

be overwhelmed by his senses while he organised his thoughts.

“Yeah?” He calls in response, quirking an eyebrow upwards to see Dream had come running back with an array of flowers in his arms.

“We’ve gotta test this,” Dream pushes two flowers – tulips, George thinks he recognises – into his hands, setting the rest down on their tree stump. They’re pretty similar in colour, but not so much so that he had to squint to tell them apart.

“Which ones are these?” George asks Dream, but when he looks up at him he’s standing there expectantly.

“You tell me,” He replies with a confident grin that made George feel as though he was going to melt on the spot. He quickly looks away from Dream and tugs his glasses back onto his face, examining the upturned petals that shroud the delicate centre of the flower. It takes a moment, but he notices the difference quicker than before.

“This one...” he brushes the left one with his fingers, “is darker. I think.” His eyes flick back up to Dream. “I could tell that before, but it also feels more vibrant. Different.” George bites his lip in concentration, before guessing, “Is this one orange? And the other one yellow?”

Dream’s grin softens, “almost. This one is orange,” he’s closer now, and pointing to the one on George’s right. “And this one is red.”

“Red...” George mumbles, staring at the entirely new colour in front of him. He can still barely believe that the red that he’s seeing in front of him is so much less grey than it was before. He flips the glasses on and off his face for a bit to get a good comparison.

Dream chuckles, and George pauses, fidgeting with the flowers. “What about the other ones?” He suggests, turning to the stump to inspect the mass of leaves, petals and not-too-gently torn roots where Dream had ripped them from the ground. In hindsight, they probably should have brought scissors for this. From the mess of newly different shades, he picks something out at random, one with a long stem and small flowers jutting out all along its length.

“Hmm...” George hums in thought, turning to Dream and twirling the stem in his hand. He pushes his glasses up into his hair and gasps. “Dream!”

“Mm?” Dream gives a murmur of acknowledgement, looking up from the stump’s flower pile.

Shoving his glasses back over his eyes, George gestures frantically with the flower. “This one’s so different!” He examines each of the small buds, awestruck by its warmth. He had thought it was purple, the colour elusive as ever, but the red tone was now unquestionable. “It’s fully pink,” George exclaims, continuing to stare down at the flower in his hand.

“Yeah,” Dream smiles at the boy across from him, “it’s pink, George.”

George grins back, and grabs another flower – a poppy, he thinks. “Oh my god,” he pokes at its petals, brushing the black centre gently, “it’s *so* much more red! The stem, too,” He trails his hand down to the stem, admiring the new contrast between them. “It’s so much more... colourful.”

“It’s more colourful because there’s more *colour*,” the other boy teases. George doesn’t have to look at Dream to know he’s smiling; he can hear it in his voice. But he does anyway, struck again by how golden his hair looks in the sun and his beaming smile. He eyes lock onto those damn freckles smattered across his nose, intently watching how they trail down his face to his neck and –

*Not* going there. George shakes his head to rid himself of his thoughts, and Dream cocks his head at him, confused yet amused. George feels his face flush pink, and turns away, suddenly interested in the sky. His eyes widen when he realises how low the sun is. “Dream!”

“Yeah, Georgie?” Dream replies.

George spins back around, “we can’t miss my first sunset!” The boy opposite him appears briefly surprised, but nods.

“Let’s go to the beach,” he says while straightening up, scooping the flowers from the stump into his arms, “it’ll give us the best view.”

“We’re taking those with us?” George shoots Dream a questioning look, but he merely shrugs. George hands him the poppy he was holding, adding it to the pile and his eyes flick to where the dandelion used to be tucked behind Dream’s ear. He’d put it back there. Cute.

“Do you need help with all of those, then?” George asks, interrupting his thoughts before they

went awry again.

“Nah, I’m good.” Dream adjusts his grip, gesturing to George to follow him down the path to the beach.

They set off together, joking with each other and pointing out new colours whilst kicking stray rocks scattered on the path. The trees overhead twist among each other, creating a pretty arch over the path and filtering through just enough light to keep the area visible. A short while of catching himself every time he starts to stare at Dream later, George arrives at the edge of the path with his best friend. The paved path fades to grass, then sand, as the pair step out to the seaside. The sun lingers above the horizon line, bright and radiant as it casts light across the gentle waves rolling into shore and crashing onto the sand.

“Wow...” George pauses, appreciating the view. Dream chuckles from beside him, arms still laden with flowers.

“The sunset hasn’t even started yet,” Dream smiles, moving to sit down on the soft sand far enough from the water’s edge to be safe from lapping waves. He pats the spot next to him, looking back at George. George sits down next to him, trying desperately not to think about how close their knees are to touching.

Silence falls over the two, comfortably nestling in the calm of the evening. George watches the sun inch closer to where the sky meets the sea, nearly joining them in their beautiful array of vibrant colours. Waves crash in the distance, the sound of their splashing reverberating to the shore, creating a gentle background noise.

He glances at Dream briefly, and then looks back again when he sees him suddenly nervous, hands fidgety and eyes flicking between the flowers in his lap and the ground. “Dream?” Silence. George pushes his glasses off his face, eyes full of concern. Dream’s hands still, and he tries again. “Is something wro – ”

“Okay,” Dream cuts him off, taking a deep breath. “George. I have something I want to tell you.” He turns to face the raven-haired boy, steeling himself to look him in the eyes. George blinks, confused.

“I... I’ve been meaning to tell you this for a while.” Dream’s hands twist into his hoodie, clearly very anxious about whatever it is he wants to say. George’s heart aches for him, wanting nothing but to hold his hand to calm him down. This time, he doesn’t resist the urge, reaching out to rest his hand in Dream’s bigger one. George searches his face for any negative signs, but Dream links their



fingers together. Dream smiles gently down at where their hands are joined together, squeezing his hand lightly.

George squeezes back as Dream begins to speak again. "I put off telling you this," he still can't meet the smaller boy's eyes, choosing again to stare at the mess of flowers in his lap. "But I'm gonna... I'm just gonna say it." Dream slides his hand out of George's, causing him to frown. He picks up a few of the flowers – red and orange tulips interspersed with dandelions and poppies. George's brow furrows again, confused by Dream's actions and nervously anticipating what he had to say.

"These are for you," he continues, holding the bundle of flowers out to the dark-haired boy. George gingerly takes the flowers, clutching them close to his chest and admiring the newfound vibrant difference between their petals. Did Dream really just give him a bouquet? Does that idiot even know what he's doing, getting his hopes up like this? George worries his lip between his teeth, looking down at the flowers.

Normally, this would be romantic, but it's gotta be "a gift to celebrate the colour blindness glasses, right?" He supplies, trying to keep his voice from sounding too dejected. He fiddles with the flower stems, waiting for the answer that would crush him. Dream breathes a heavy sigh in response, dropping his hand to the ground.

"Not exactly. I mean, yeah, I thought it'd be cool to make it out of colours you can see now, but that's not really why I did it." George's heart skips a beat, jumping on the hope Dream was drip-feeding him with every word.

Scrambling for some explanation that won't inevitably crush him when it isn't true, he asks "why, then?" George looks up at Dream through his eyelashes, eyes wide and doe-like with curiosity.

"Because I like you, George." Dream blurts out. Before he can process anything, Dream hastily continues, "and I mean, like, in a non-friendship way. A... romantic way." George's jaw nearly drops as he stares at Dream in shock. He feels the same way? George can barely wrap his head around it, and Dream starts to speak again. "I'm sorry to drop this on you, I guess I just – I just wanted to know if you maybe felt the same."

"Dream," George breathes, "I can't tell you how happy this makes me." Dream's head jerks up from where he started staring at the floor, and his expression quickly morphs from one of surprise to that damn grin that made George fall so hard in the first place.

"Why don't you show me, then?" Dream whispers lowly, leaning towards the shorter boy. George

panics briefly, palms sweaty and nerves set alight, but he calms himself enough to shift forward and meet Dream's lips with his own.

George can barely think, short-circuiting as Dream wraps an arm around his waist to pull him closer. His brain is flooded with sensations, overwhelmed by how close and warm Dream is, so he reaches up to loop his arms around his neck and pull him closer as he kisses him back.

George's eyes flutter open when they break apart for air, Dream's hands now resting on his hips. "Wow." George exhales softly, gazing into Dream's eyes and reveling in how he can finally stare at him unabashedly.

Dream chuckles, smiling down at the smaller boy. "I'm that good, huh?" George crinkles his nose in annoyance, lightly shoving him as he laughs even more.

"You're an idiot." His smile betrays his words as he continues to stare affectionately at the other boy and his beautiful face.

"Maybe. But I'm *your* idiot," Dream replies with a smirk, and George rolls his eyes. The taller boy perks up, drawing his arms back to reach for the bouquet he handed over earlier.

"What are you –" Dream shushes him, picking out a poppy from the pile. He reaches up to George's ear, delicately twining the flower through his hair and easing it behind his ear.

"See?" Dream leans back, presumably admiring his work, "now we match." He grins widely, teeth showing as he points to his dandelion still nestled behind his own. George pauses briefly, overwhelmed by how adorable the gesture is.

"You're such a simp, oh my god," he groans, shoving his face into Dream's shoulder to hide the colour rising on his cheeks. The taller boy laughs, hugging George tightly to his chest.

"Only for you, Georgie." George is warm, buried safely in Dream's arms and smiling gently. He lingers for a moment, before lifting his head up to see Dream look suddenly shocked.

"What's the matter?" He asks, worry knitting his brows together as he studies the boy's face anxiously.

“We missed the sunset!” Dream exclaims, jabbing a finger frantically at the sky. George turns to see the vast inky landscape dotted with twinkling lights, pushing the last vestiges of dark yellow past the horizon line. The beach is nearly dark, but there’s enough light remaining that neither boy had noticed the fading sun until now. George shoves his glasses onto his face, catching the last red and orange hues draining from the sky.

He turns back to Dream, and any hint of sadness evaporates near instantly as he’s transfixed by the boy opposite him, gently lit by the disappearing sun. His face is bathed in warmth as soft orange and red colours his face, contrasting the brilliant green of his eyes that still strikes George. His tousled hair is golden and nearly shines as it meets the last of the evening light. The soft freckles that sprinkle his skin nearly glow, like small copper flecks scattered across his nose.

George is again struck speechless by his beauty, only this time he’s allowed to stare to his heart’s content – and stare he does, tracing freckles like constellations until he’s practically memorised every mark on his face. By the time he finally tears his gaze from Dream, the taller boy’s cheeks have flushed a warm pink that mingles with the fading red light.

“There’ll be other sunsets,” George speaks in a hushed tone, finding one of Dream’s hands with his own and lacing their fingers together, “I only get to share this moment with you once.”

Dream face softens into a smile, holding George’s hand tightly. “Now who’s the simp?” He teases, carding a hand through George’s hair while the smaller boy laughs.

“Oh shut up, Dream.” George shakes his head fondly as he takes comfort in the warmth of Dream’s hand in his. Dream smirks in response, sending tingles through George’s body.

“Why don’t you make me?” He challenges. George looks at Dream, studying his pretty freckles, shining eyes, and mouth quirked up into his signature grin. His dandelion is still tucked between strands of messy blonde hair, and George smiles, content in knowing that the silly boy holding his hand has fallen for him, too.

“Maybe I will,” he whispers as he leans in.

hey, hope you liked it!

if you have the time, please tell me what you think of it in the comments, I'm open to constructive criticism :)

this story will likely be my only fic despite me not posting as an anon, because exams are really soon and adhd's a little bitch lmao - we'll see though

update: YOOO I LIED AND POSTED AGAIN

GO CHECK OUT CATHARSIS <https://archiveofourown.org/works/28113732>

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!